

Hvert

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Summary: Dagur mulls over his relationship with Hiccup and wonders why Hiccup would rather protect a dragon than be his brother.

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><p>Oh how he lamented the loss of the first true family he'd had.<p>

There was no genuine closeness between him and distant sister; that was evident enough. She was far less wild, emotional and violent than he. Powerful and wise in her own way, but not good for conversations. Their dinners were silent during the times that they did eat together. She'd never been a loud mouth, but she'd softened even more so after the death of their mother. Dagur had changed during that fateful night as well, but for the better. Both were at a loss, and then, were empowered after his father's demise. Still, they were far from familial in their interactions. If anything, they regarded each other as relative acquaintances. Nothing more, nothing less.

To be dubbed as a member of the family by Dagur - someone who had disowned many members when they'd wronged him this way or that in the past - it was the highest honor he could give someone.

Why? Why was it that Hiccup failed to comprehend the severity of this offering? He was offering his trust, his pride, his loyalty. He was going to forge a true relationship between their tribes. And Hiccup had swatted his giving hands away without a care in the world, as though he were no more significant than a measly Terrible Terror.

Why?

It burned him up inside, forged a bitterness that he didn't know was possible. It was perhaps even more extreme than the loathing he'd felt for his father, and yet, simultaneously, the admiration for Hiccup lingered. He wanted to show Hiccup... That he was wrong. And win him back.

They could still be brothers, couldn't they?

Why?!

Why was Hiccup so loyal to that damned Nightfury? It was a ghastly beast - what could it offer Hiccup that Dagur could not? He had promised a relationship beyond Hiccup's wildest dreams. Why stomp on the blossom of something so beautiful?

There must have been something wrong with Hiccup.

Parading around on his wretched dragon, acting as though this was a more civil way of life - acting as though political standpoints were nothing more than specs of dust that floated around his vision in a haze! How dare he? Dagur was livid at the very concept. Hiccup was perhaps even more crazed than him!

So many nights spent, thinking about Hiccup. Thinking about what they could accomplish together. Thinking about the things they could conquer and overcome. It made him tingly in more ways than one. And, tentatively, he wept in his lonesome. He was a great, angry prince, and Hiccup was a small prince from another land who refused his offering at peace.

What had he done wrong?

Dagur felt as though he were withering up inside, rotting. And his attentive behavior for Hiccup festered into something of an addiction.

He had to have him.

And he would.

* * *

><p>This is just a drabble I wrote around 5AM yesterday when I couldn't fall asleep. I'm not going to continue it or anything; it's just as is.

End
file.